



第8話

FUKUMOTO NOBUYUKI  
COLLECTION

# あの人のトランペット

THAT MAN'S TRUMPET





SATOU MITSUE (AGE 40)



PLEASE DON'T  
TALK. I HAVE FOND  
MEMORIES OF THIS.

OK, OK,  
I GOT IT!



NO, THIS  
IS JUST  
FINE.

WOULD  
SOME BEER  
HAVE BEEN  
BETTER?

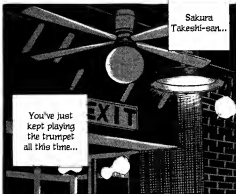


MORE  
IMPOR-  
TANTLY...



I HOPE  
JUICE IS  
OKAY.

OH MY,  
THANK YOU,  
YOUNG MAN!



Sakura  
Takeshi-san...

You've just  
kept playing  
the trumpet  
all this time...



1965.  
SATO  
MITSUE  
(AGE 18)

Back then, I  
was an honor  
student...

but I really  
wasn't anything  
special. I was  
afraid of my  
parents and  
teachers.

IT'S  
THAT  
SAKURA  
KID  
AGAIN!!



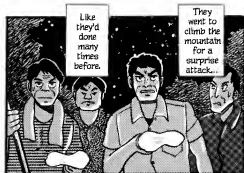
THAT  
KID  
WON'T  
LISTEN TO  
ANYONE!

ALL HE  
DOES IS  
PLAY HIS  
TRUMPET  
EVERY  
DAMN  
NIGHT!

THAT  
ROTTEN  
BRAT!!

Sakura-san  
practiced  
the trumpet  
every night.

CAN'T HE  
GIVE US  
A BREAK  
FOR ONE  
NIGHT?!



Like they'd done many times before.

They went to climb the mountain for a surprise attack...

So they decided to see who could take Sakura's trumpet from him.

All the adults had lost their patience with Sakura...



I wonder to this day how you escaped the adults...

Sakura-san, you really were a mystery...

What kind of tricks did you pull on them?



You were so uninhibited!



And I caught a glimpse of your face for the first time.



One night, you ran by my house...



And fought on your own.

You made enemies of all the adults...



And thinking back on it now, you were so brave!



The adults came down exhausted and discouraged.

After the mountain raids would fail...



But I'd always be cheering for you in my mind.



I would act modestly in front of him...



My dad would always have a sour expression on his face.



Couldn't compare to your trumpet playing.

The popular bands those days, like Terauchi Takashi or The Ventures...



Sakura-san, you were the hero of our little mountainside town.

Your stories were always the hot topic at school.

It became a  
rightly concert  
held on Mt.  
Ooi.

The people  
imitating you  
kept rising...  
Before long it  
was 10 people,  
then 20...



They weren't  
as familiar with  
the mountain as  
you were...

But in  
the end, it  
was just a  
sad retreat.



I'd brought  
my recorder  
to play with  
them.

And even I, as happy-  
go-lucky as I was,  
found myself right  
alongside them.

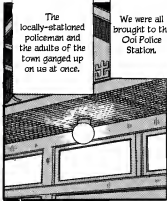


And so one  
day, they were  
all arrested  
at once.





Back then,  
I didn't really know  
anything about the  
world, so just that  
alone was enough to  
shake me up.



The  
locally-stationed  
policeman and  
the adults of the  
town gangied up  
on us at once.

We were all  
brought to the  
Ooi Police  
Station.



Calling  
down to us  
from Mt.  
Ooi.

We  
heard the  
sound of a  
trumpet...



But  
at  
that  
moment...



I  
was so  
scared.



THAT  
LITTLE  
BRAT!!

GOD  
DAMMIT!



DON'T  
FORGET  
WHERE YOU  
ARE RIGHT  
NOW!!



HEY...  
STOP  
THAT!!



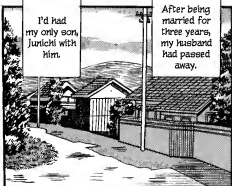




FIVE  
YEARS  
LATER:  
1970.  
SATOU  
MITSUE  
IS AGE  
23.



With things  
in that state,  
I returned  
to my home-  
town.



I'd had  
my only son,  
Junichi with  
him.

After being  
married for  
three years,  
my husband  
had passed  
away.



But every  
day, I would  
just keep  
passing the  
time idly  
away.

I knew  
I had to keep  
on living for  
Junichi's sake...



It felt like  
everyone but  
me was leading  
a calm, leisurely  
life...

It felt like I was  
the only one who'd  
drawn a bad lot  
in life...

I heard the  
sound of a  
trumpet.

But one  
day, in the  
hometown  
that made  
me feel  
that way...

Could it be that  
your trumpet  
playing wasn't  
good enough?

I'd heard that  
things had not  
been going so  
well for you  
in Tokyo.

It was the  
day that you  
had returned  
to your home-  
town, as well.



The song you  
played sounded  
like you were  
fighting against  
your own fate.

Sakura-  
san...



How much  
courage you  
gave me on  
that day?

Sakura-san,  
do you  
have any  
idea...





I can imagine  
that it was a  
difficult time  
for you.



You only  
put out a single  
record in your  
entire career.

It was probably what gave me the courage I needed.



But I listened to that record countless times.



It helped me escape from the anxieties I faced while living in poverty...



Well no, even if you weren't able to live on your music, I won't feel disappointed.



If you and your trumpet were still fighting together.



And I asked myself time and time again...



So  
I'd imagine  
you probably  
gave up on  
playing profes-  
sionally.

I hadn't  
heard any  
news about  
you since  
then at all...



But  
there is  
no doubt  
in my  
mind...

That  
you are  
fighting for  
your life...



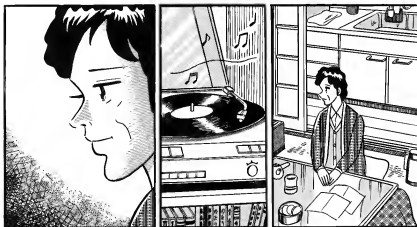
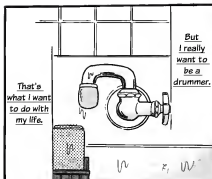
You might  
even be doing  
shows for kids  
these days.



Just like  
that song  
you played  
on that  
day...



Playing  
your  
trumpet  
with every  
ounce  
of your  
strength.





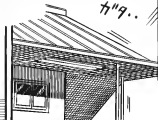
The  
man you've  
always been  
talking about,  
that "Legendary  
Sakura-san"...



Mom! I've  
got big  
news!

か"や...か"や...

1987.



He's the  
bandmaster for  
a band I've seen  
countless times...  
He changed his  
name, so I had  
no idea!



That  
man is  
here!



"Legendary  
Sakura-San"  
...That man  
is here!



I've  
decided to  
study  
under  
him.

I'll be your guide  
when I get there. I'm  
sure Sakura-San will  
be happy to see you, just  
like you've been waiting  
so long to see him!



Dear Mom...  
It sounds like  
Sakura-san's band  
has decided to play  
in Japan! It's the first  
time in 10 years he's  
been there!



OH COME ONNNNN!!

バタ... バタ...

I WOULDN'T  
KNOW  
WHAT  
TO DO.

I'VE  
NEVER BEEN  
TO A LIVE PER-  
FORMANCE...



WELL,  
IT'S JUST...

I  
CAN'T DO  
IT, AFTER  
ALL.

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?!



It's strange...  
It was a  
live show by  
someone I'd  
longed to see  
for so long...

So why  
did I feel  
as if I'd be  
betrayed...?



Quite  
afraid to  
meet you.

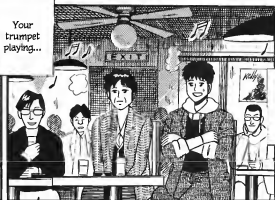
I was  
really...

Are you  
and your  
trumpet  
still  
fighting  
together?



Your  
trumpet  
playing...

Still sends  
chills down  
my spine.



But  
I'm glad  
I came.



Just like me,  
you've had  
countless  
difficulties  
and bitter  
experiences  
in your life.



I'm  
sure...

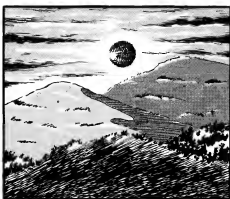
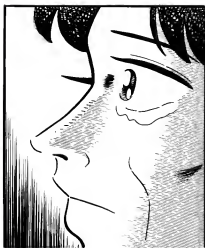
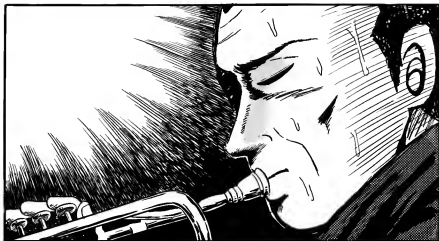
You  
never  
stopped,  
did you?



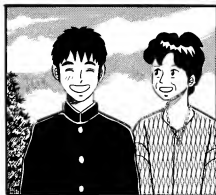


And yet  
you've just  
kept on  
playing.

So many  
ages have  
come and  
gone...











As  
Sakura-san  
said that  
to me with  
a smile...

I saw the  
same old  
face I'd  
always  
known.



THE ONLY  
REASON I KEEP  
PLAYING...

IS THAT  
I'M STILL  
A REBEL  
AT HEART.



That  
rebellious  
face hadn't  
changed  
a bit...

Since the day  
I last saw it in  
High School.



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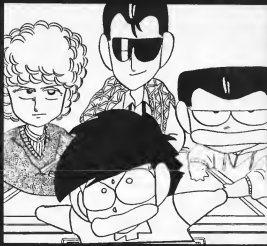


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